PIANO • VOCAL • GUITAR

STING

TEN SUMMONER'S TALES



HLP Hal Leonard Publishing Corporation

STING
TEN SUMMONER'S TALES

FIELDS OF GOLD

Words and Music by
STING




G D G/B A Bm7
jeal - ous sky as we walk in fields_ of gold.
jeal - ous sky as we lie in fields_ of gold.
G D
So she
See the
Bsus2 G
took her love for to gaze a - while_ up - on the fields_ of bar -
west wind move like a lov - er so___ up - on the fields_ of bar -
D Bsus2 G D
- ley. In his arms she fell as her hair came down a - mong_
- ley. Feel her bod - y rise when you kiss her mouth a - mong_


G/B A 1 D 2 D
the fields of gold. Will you
the fields of gold.
G D G
I nev - er made prom - is - es light - ly and there have been
D G D
some that I've bro - ken, but I swear in the days still left we'll walk
G/B A D G/B A
in fields of gold. We'll walk in fields of gold.
3
3


D
Bsus2
G
D
Bsus2
G
D
G/B
A
D
Bsus2
Man - y years have passed since those
mem - ber me when the
G
D
sum-mer days a - mong the fields of bar - ley. See the
west wind moves up - on the fields of bar - ley. You can


Bsus2
G
D
G/B
A
chil - dren walk as the sun goes down a - mong _ the fields _ of gold.
tell the sun in his jeal - ous sky when we walked in fields _ of gold,
1 D
2 D
G/B
A
You'll re -
when _ we walked in fields _ of gold,
D
G/B
A
D
G/D
D
when we walked in fields _ of gold.
G/D
D
G/D
D
1 G/D
D
2

HEAVY CLOUD NO RAIN

Words and Music by
STING




Bm7/A
Am6
Bm7/A
V I, at the court of the peo - ple he was num - ber one. He'd be the
riv - er was dry. All the crops were dy - ing when they ought to be high. So to
Am6
Bm7/A
Am6
blu - est blood they'd ev - er seen when the king said, "Hi" to the
save his farm from the bank-er's draft, the farm-er took out a book on some old
Cm6
guil - lo - tine. The royal as - trol - o - ger was run out of breath. He thought that
witch - craft. He made a spell and a po - tion on a mid-sum-mer's night. He killed a
E7#9
B♭13
Am6
may - be the rain would post - pone his death. He look in the sky, but he
brin-dled calf in the pale moon-light. He prayed to the sky, but he


Bm7/A
1 Am6
no chord
look in ___ vain: ___ heav - y cloud, but no rain. Well, the
prayed in ___ vain: ___
Solo ends
2 Am6
no chord
heav - y cloud, but no rain.
3 Am6
no chord
Heav - y cloud, but
Cmaj7 D Am7 D
no rain. The sun won't shine till the clouds are gone. _ The
Am7 Bm7 Cmaj7 D Cm6
clouds won't go till their work is done. _ And ev - 'ry morn-ing you'll hear me _


D.S. al Coda
E7#9
B♭13
pray: "If on - ly it would rain to - day."
CODA
no rain. Ow.
Am6
Bm7/A
Am6
Bm7/A
Repeat ad lib. and Fade
Cm6
Am6
Bm7/A

IF I EVER LOSE MY FAITH IN YOU

Words and Music by
STING




Asus2
A
G
You could say I lost my be - lief in the ho - ly church.
You could say I lost my faith in the peo - ple on T. V.
that did - n't go from a bless-ing to a curse.
Dsus2(sus4)
D
Dsus2(sus4)
D
Asus2
A
You could say I
You could say I lost my be -
I nev - er saw no
G
Dsus2(sus4)
D
Dsus2(sus4)
D
To Coda
lost my sense of di-rect - ion.
lief in our pol - i - ti - cians.
mil-i-tar-y sol-u - tion
Asus2
A
F#m7
You could say all of this and worse, but
They all seem like game show hosts to me.


Esus2 E F#7sus F#7 G6
if
If
I ev - er lose my faith in you
Asus A A/B Esus2 E F#7sus F#7
there'd be noth - ing left for me to do.
G6 1 Asus A 2 Asus A Asus A
Hey, hey.
G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5


G5
E5
F#m7
G#m7(add4)
I could be lost in - side their
Amaj9
Bsus
B
F#sus2
F#
lies with - out a trace, but ev - 'ry
G#7sus
G#7
B/A
A
B/A
A6
D.S. al Coda
time I close my eyes I see your face.
CODA
Asus2
A
F#m7
that did-n't al-ways end up as some-thing worse, but


Esus2
E
C#m7
let me say this first:
Bsus2
B
C#7sus
C#7
D6
if I ev - er lose my faith in you, if I ev - er lose
Esus
E
Bsus2
B
C#7sus
C#7
my faith in you there'd be noth - ing left for me to do,
D6
Esus
E
Esus2
E
there'd be noth - ing left for me to do. If I ev - er lose
4
4


F#7sus F#7 G6 Asus A A/B
my faith, if I ev-er lose my faith,
Esus2 E F#7sus F#7 G6
if I ev-er lose my faith, if I ev-er lose
Asus A Asus A G5 E5
my faith in you...
G5 E5 G5 E5 G5 E5
Repeat and Fade

IT'S PROBABLY ME

Words and Music by STING,
ERIC CLAPTON and MICHAEL KAMEN




Em6/9
Am7
ground, you wake the morn - ing in a strang - er's
steal, you search the cit - y for your on -
Bm7
Em7
coat. No - one would you see. You ask your -
friend. No - one would you see. You ask your -
Am7
Bm7
self, "Who'd watch for me?" My on - ly
self, "Who could it be?" A
Em7
A9/C#
friend, who could it be? It's hard to
sol - i - tar - y voice to speak out and set me free; I hate to


Cmaj9
B7#9(♭13)
say it, I hate to say__ it, but it's prob-a-bly
say it, I hate to say__ it, but it's prob-a-bly
Em(maj9)
Em6/9
Em(maj9)
1
Em6/9
me.__
me.__
When your bel-ly's emp-
2 Em6/9
Am7
Bm/D
You're not the eas-i-est per-son I__ ev-er got to know, and it's
Gmaj9
Em7
F#m7
G
Bm7
Am7
hard for us both__ to let our feel-ings show. Some would say I should let__


D
Gmaj9
you go your way, you'll on - ly make me cry.
Am7
B7#9
B7#5
If there's one guy, just one guy who'd
Em7
A9/C#
lay down his life for you and die, it's hard to
Cmaj9
B7#9(♭13)
say it, I hate to say, but it's prob - a - bly


Em(maj9)
Em6/9
Em(maj9)
Em6/9
me.
Em(maj9)
Em6/9
Em(maj9)
Em6/9
Instrumental solo
Em(maj9)
Em6/9
Em6
Em(maj9)
Em6/9
Solo ends
When the world's gone
Em(maj9)
Em6/9
cra-zy, and it makes no sense, and there's on-ly one
3


Em(maj9)
Em6/9
voice that comes to your de-fense, and the ju - ry's
Am7
Bm7
out, and your eyes search the room and one friend-ly face is all you
Em7
need to see. If there's one guy,
Am7
B7♯9
B7♯5
just one guy who'd


Em7
C#7#9
lay down_ his life_ for you and die,_ it's hard_ to
Cmaj9
B7#9(♭13)
Em7
say it, I hate to say,_ but it's prob-a-bly me._
Cmaj9
B7#9(♭13)
I hate_ to say it, I hate to say,_ but it's prob-a-bly
B♭13#11
A9
Cmaj9
me._ I hate_ to say it, I hate to


B7#9(♭13)
B♭13#11
A9#11
A9
say, __ but it's prob-a-bly me._ I hate_ to
Cmaj9
B7#9(♭13)
say it, I hate to say, ___ but it's prob-a-bly
Em(maj9)
Em6/9
Em(maj9)
Em6/9
me.
Repeat and Fade
Em(maj9)
Em6/9
Em(maj9)
Em6/9
Em6
Instrumental solo - ad lib.

LOVE IS STRONGER THAN JUSTICE

(THE MUNIFICENT SEVEN)

Words and Music by
STING




This is a sto-ry of sev-en broth-ers. We had the same fath-er but dif-f'rent moth-ers.
We keep to-geth-er like a fam-'ly should, roam-ing the coun-try for the com-mon good.
It came to pass one fate-ful day, we found our-selves_ down Mex - i - co way; the
town, the may-or, the P. T. A. plead-ing on their knees with us all to stay.


A7
We'd on-ly stopped for a few bur-ri-tos, but they told us of the trou-ble with los ban-di-tos. A
out-come was pre-dict-a-ble. Our ban-di-tos were des-pi-ca-ble. Of
Moth-er told me I was the clev-er one, the sev-enth son of a sev-enth son.
poor lit-tle town in need of aid, my broth-ers and me had nev-er been a-fraid.
blood we lost a doz-en li-tres, a small price to pay for las se-ño-ri-tas. The
It all end-ed so hap-pi-ly. I set-tled down with the fam-i-ly.
The age of chiv-al-ry is not dead, lone-some nights in a cow-boy bed.
town may-or was hap-py, but his face was glum. The maid-ens num-bered on-ly one. There
I look for-ward to a bet-ter day, but eth-i-cal stuff nev-er got in my way.


There'd be a bride for ev - 'ry man
weren't sev - en brides for sev - en broth - ers.
And though there used to be broth - ers sev - en,
who chased a - way the e - vil gang for
I knew I had to get rid of the oth - ers for
the oth - er six are sing-ing in heav-en.
Country two-beat
C
love
F
is strong - er than jus - tice.
G
Love
is thick - er than
C
blood.
Love, love, love


F
G7
is strong - er___ than jus - tice.
Love is a
To Coda C
no chord
big, fat riv - er___ in flood.
Bright rock
A7
1
The


2
B7
D.S. al Coda
CODA
C
flood.
F
Love is strong - er___ than jus - tice.


G
C
Love is thick - er than blood.
F
Love, love, love is strong - er than jus - tice.
G7
C
Love is a big, fat riv - er in flood.
G7
C
Love is a big, fat riv - er in flood.


Bright rock
A7
Repeat ad lib. and Fade

EPILOGUE
(NOTHING 'BOUT ME)

Words and Music by
STING




E♭maj9
A♭maj9
Pick my brains, pick my pock-ets.
Check my rec-ords, check_ my facts.
E♭maj9
A♭maj9
Steal my eye - balls and come back for the sock - ets. Run
Check if I paid my in - come tax.
E♭maj9
A♭maj9
Adim7
ev - 'ry kind of test_ from A to Z,_ but you'll
Pore o - ver ev-'ry-thing_ in my C. V.,_ but you'll
E♭/B♭
Fm7♭5/B
Cdim7
E♭/G
1
E♭/B♭
Fm7♭5/B
Cdim7
B♭7♯5
still_ know noth - in' 'bout_ me._ (Still know noth - in' 'bout_ me.)
still_ know noth - in' 'bout_ me._


2
E♭/B♭ Fm7♭5/B Cdim7 E♭/G E♭/B♭ Fm7♭5/B Cdim7 E♭/G
(Still know noth - in' 'bout me.) Still know noth - in' 'bout me.
Fm7♭5 E♭maj7 G♭6 A♭7 D♭9 E♭
You don't need to read no books on my his - to - ry.
G♭6 A♭7 D♭9 E♭ G♭6 A♭7
I'm a sim-ple man, it's no big mys - ter - y. In the cold weath-er, a
D♭9 E♭ G♭6 A♭7
hand needs a glove. And at times like this a lone-


D♭9
B♭7♯5
E♭maj9
A♭6/9
- ly man like me needs love.
E♭maj9
A♭6/9
E♭maj9
A♭6/9
E♭maj9
A♭6/9
8va
E♭maj9
A♭maj9
E♭maj9
Search my house with a fine tooth comb.
Turn o-ver ev-'ry-thing 'cause


A♭maj9
E♭maj9
I won't be home.
Set up your mi - cro-scope and
A♭maj9
Adim7
E♭/B♭
Fm7♭5/B
Cdim7
E♭/G
tell me what you see.
But you'll
still know noth - in' 'bout me.
Still know zip a - bout me.
(Still know noth - in' 'bout me.) Still know noth - in' 'bout me.
(Still know noth - in' 'bout me.) Still know noth - in' 'bout me.
(Still know noth - in' 'bout me.)
'Bout
(Still know noth - in' 'bout me.)


E♭/B♭ Bdim7 Cdim7 D♭dim7 Ddim7 E♭dim7 Edim7 Fdim7
me; 'bout me; 'bout
(Still know noth - in' 'bout _ me.)
G♭dim7 Gdim7 A♭dim7 Adim7 B♭dim7 Bdim7 Cdim7 D♭dim7
me. Still know noth - in' a - bout me. Still know noth - in' a -
dim. poco a poco
Ddim7 E♭dim7 Edim7 Fdim7 G♭dim7 Gdim7 A♭dim7 Adim7
no chord
bout me. Still know noth-in' a - bout me.
decresc.
Repeat and Fade
E♭/B♭ Fm7♭5/B Cdim7 E♭/G
pp

SAINT AUGUSTINE IN HELL

Words and Music by
STING




E♭13♯11
liv - er me from e - vil, save me from these wick - ed snares.
knew what ev - er hap - pened, our friend-ship would end.
Dm7(add4)
E♭13♯11
Not in - to temp - ta - tion, not to cliffs of fall,
Chem - i - cal re - ac - tion, de - sire at first sight,
A7sus
1
on to rev - e - la - tion, and les - sons for us all. She
mys - ti - cal at - trac - tion,
2
Cm7
turned out all my lights. The min - ute I saw her face, the


A♭maj9
Fm11
Gm7(add4)
sec-ond I caught _ her eye, _ the min-ute I touched _ the flame, _ I
Cm7
knew it would nev - er die. _ The min-ute I saw _ her face, _ the
A♭maj9
Fm11
Gm7(add4)
sec-ond I caught _ her eye, _ the min-ute I touched _ the flame, _ I
A♭maj9
Am7
knew it would nev - er die. _



I don't know if it's pain or
Bless-ed Saint Ther-e-sa, the
E♭13♯11
plea-sure that I seek. My flesh was all too will-ing, my
whore of Bab-y-lon. Mad-don-na and my moth-er,
Dm7(add4)
spir-it guide was weak. I was dead-ly cer-tain his
all rolled in-to one; you've got to un-der-stand me, I'm
E♭13♯11
A7sus
thoughts for me weren't kind, a switch-blade in his pock-et,
not a piece of wood. Fran-cis of As-si-si could


1
2
mur - der on his mind.
nev - er be this good.
The
(Bkgd. Vcl. :) The
Cm7
Abmaj9
min-ute I saw her face,
the sec-ond I caught her eye,
the
less I need the more I get.
Fm11
Gm7(add4)
Cm7
min-ute I touched the flame,
I knew it would nev - er die.
The
Make me chaste but not just yet.
Abmaj9
min-ute I saw her face,
the sec-ond I caught her eye,
the
It's a prom - ise or a lie.


Fm11
Gm7(add4)
A♭maj9
To Coda
min-ute I touched the flame,
I knew it would nev - er die.
I'll re - pent be - fore I die.
Light swing (played as)
Am
Bm7♭5
E7♭9
Am
Am/G
(Spoken:) Relax, have a cigar, make yourself at home. Hell is full of high court
F
Am/E
Dm
Adim/E♭
E
judges failed saints. We've got Cardinals, Archbishops, barristers,
Am
Bm7♭5
E7♭9
Am
Am/G
certified accountants, music critics. They're all here. You're not alone. You're never


F
Am/E
Dm
Adim/E♭
alone; not here, you're not.
E
B♭6/9
E7sus
B♭6/9
E7sus
O.K., break's over.
Am7
Instrumental solo
E♭13♯11
Dm7(add4)
E♭13♯11


Am7
1
2
D.S. al Coda
Solo ends
The
The
A♭maj9
CODA
knew it would nev - er die.
fore I die.
Am7
E♭13♯11
Dm7(add4)
E♭13♯11
A7sus
Am7
Repeat and Fade

SEVEN DAYS

Words and Music by
STING




B♭6/9
G(add9)
- tum note, _ she gave to me, she
- er men, _ but not in me, the
F(add9)
F6/9
C6/9
gave to me. ___ When I thought the field __
might - y flea. ___ Ask if I am mouse _
E♭6/9(♯11)
___ had cleared, _ it seems an - oth - er
___ or man, ___ the mir - ror squeaked, a -
B♭6/9
G(add9)
suit ap - peared _ to chal - lenge me,
way I ran. ___ He'll mur - der me in


E
C6/9
woe is __ me. Though I hate to make
time for his tea. Does it both - er me
E♭6/9(♯11)
B♭6/9
__ a choice, __ my op - tions are ____ de - creas-ing most - ly
__ at all? __ My ri - val is ____ Ne - an-der - thal. ____ It
G(add9)
F(add9)
rap - id - ly, __ well, we'll __ see.
makes me think, __ per - haps I need a drink
F6/9
C6/9
I don't think she'd bluff this time, I
I Q is no prob - lem here, we



E♭6/9(♯11)
B♭6/9
G(add9)
real - ly have to make her mine. It's plain to see,
won't be play - ing Scrab - ble for her hand, I fear.
E
it's him or me.
I need that beer.
F
F♯m7♭5
G
Mon - day I could wait till Tues - day, if
E7/G♯
Am7
F
I make up my mind. Wed'n - 'sday would be


G
E7/G♯
Am7
fine,
Thurs - day's on
my mind.
B♭7(♭5)
Am7
B♭7(♭5)
Fri - day'd give me time,
Sat - ur - day could
Am7
Fm(maj7)
C6/9
wait,
but Sun-day'd be too late.
To Coda
1


2
B♭9#11
Sev - en days
C(add2)
will quick - ly go.
B♭9#11
The
fact re - mains
C(add2)
I love her so.
B♭9#11
Sev - en days,
Fmaj7
so


B♭9♯11
man - y ways,
but I can't run a -
C6/9
way,
B♭9♯11
C6/9
I can't run a - way.
D.S. al Coda
CODA
B♭9♯11


C6/9
B♭9♯11
Sun - day'd be too late
Do I
C6/9
have to tell a sto - ry
of a
B♭9♯11
thou-sand rain - y days since we first met?
Cmaj6/9


B♭13♯11
B♭9♯11
It's a
Cmaj6/9
big e - nough_ um-brel - la, ___
B♭9♯11
but it's al - ways me __ that ends up
Cmaj6/9
get - ting wet, ___
yeah,
B♭9♯11
yeah. ___
C

SHAPE OF MY HEART

Words and Music by STING
and DOMINIC MILLER




Bm C#7sus C#7 D6 A C#
pect. He does-n't play for the mon-ey he wins._
wrong. I'm not a man of too man-y fac-es.
D C#7sus/G# F#m
He does-n't play_ for_ re-spect.
The mask I wear_ is one.
F#m C#m/E Bm C#7sus C#7
He deals the cards to find the an-swer,
He may play the jack of dia-monds.
Well, those who speak know noth-in',
D/F# C#m/E Bm C#7sus C#7
the sa-cred ge-om-e-try_ of chance,_
He may lay the queen_ of spades._
and find out to_ their cost_


D6
A
C#
the hid - den law of a prob - a - ble out - come
He may con - ceal the king in his hand,
like those who curse their luck in too man - y plac - es,
D
C#7sus/G#
F#m
The num - bers lead a dance.
while the mem-'ry of it fades.
and those who fear are lost.
C#m/E
Bm
C#7sus
C#7
D/F#
C#m/E
I know that the spades are the swords of a sol - dier.
I know that the clubs are weap-ons of
Bm
C#7sus
C#7
D6
A
C#
war.
I know that dia - monds mean mon-ey for this art, but


D
C#7sus/G#
To Coda
F#m
F#m
F#m/E
that's not the shape of my heart.
heart,
D
C#7sus/G#
that's not the shape,
the shape of my
C#m
G#m/B
F#m7
G#7sus
G#7
A/C#
G#m/B
F#m7
G#7sus
G#7
heart.
Instrumental solo
A6
E
G#
A
G#7sus/D#
C#m
C#m7


A6
G#7sus
Amaj9
D.S. al Coda
Solo ends
CODA
F#m
F#m/E
heart, _
D
C#7sus/G#
F#m
F#m/E
D
that's not _ the shape of _ my heart, _
that's not _ the
C#7sus/G#
F#m
C#m/E
shape, _ the shape of _ my heart. _
Bm
C#7sus
C#7
D/F#
C#m/E
Bm
C#7sus
C#7
F#m
rit.

SHE'S TOO GOOD FOR ME

Words and Music by
STING




She don't want to drive my car. She won't let me go that far. She don't like the way I look.
She don't like the friends I got. She don't like my friends a lot. She don't like the clothes I wear.
She don't want to fix my tie. She don't even want to try. She don't like the books I read.
She don't like the things I cook. She don't like the way I play.
She don't like the way I stare. She don't like the tales I tell.
She don't like the way I feed. She don't want to save my life.
She don't like the things I say,
She don't like the way I smell,
She don't want to be my wife,
but, oh


Am7
Ab13
— oh, the games we play.
G7#5
Cm7
To Coda
She's too good for me.
She's too good for me.
1
no chord
2
no chord
Half-time
Gm/Bb
A7
Eb7
D7sus
D7
Would she pre - fer it if I washed my - self more of - ten than I do?


Db♭maj7 Gbmaj7 Gb6 Ebm6 F Bbm F/A
Would she pre-fer it if I took her to an op-er-a or two? I could dis-tort my-self to be
Ab6 Gm7b5 Gb6 F Bbm7
the per-fect man. She might pre-fer me as I am. Oh.
D.S. al Coda
(Tempo Primo)
CODA
She's too good for me.
She's too good for me.
She's too good for me.

SOMETHING THE BOY SAID

Words and Music by
STING




What we sought, we did not fear.
to some-thing the boy said as we turned to go.
and asked what his son could know,
B♭
F
C
Some-times we'd glimpse a shad-ow fall-ing, then the shad-ow would dis-ap-pear.
He said, "you'll nev-er see our fac-es a-gain, you'll be food for a car-ri-on crow."
for we would nev-er have marched so far to be food for a crow.
1
Csus
C
2,3
Csus
C
B♭(add2)
E♭maj6/9
Ev-'ry step we took to-day,
B♭(add2)
E♭maj6/9
B♭(add2)
our thoughts would al-ways stray from the wind


E♭maj6/9
D♭6/9
E♭
on the moor so wild to the words of the cap - tain's child.
Gm7(add4)
Gm7/C
Dm7
Gm7(add4)
Gm7/C
Some-thing the boy said; some-thing the boy
Dm7
Gm7(add4)
Gm7/C
Dm7
said; some-thing the boy said;
Gm7(add4)
Gm7/C
1
Dm7
D.S.
(no repeat)
2
Dm7
some-thing the boy said. said.



Am7(add4)
Gm7(add4)
Instrumental solo
1
2
Solo ends
When I a - woke this morn-ing,
Am I dead or am I liv - ing?
the sun's eye was as red as blood,
I'm too a-fraid to care, I'm too a - fraid to know.
the stench of burn-ing corps-es,
I'm too a-fraid to look be-hind


1
2
me fac-es in the mud.
me at the feast of a crow.
B♭(add2)
E♭maj6/9
B♭(add2)
We spoke our fears to the cap-tain.
And asked what his son could know,
E♭maj6/9
B♭(add2)
E♭maj6/9
for we would nev-er have marched so far to be
D♭6/9
E♭6/9
Gm7(add4)
Gm7/C
Dm7
food, food for a crow,


Gm7(add4)
Gm7/C
Dm7
Gm7(add4)
Gm7/C
food for a crow,
(Some-thing the boy
Dm7
Gm7(add4)
Gm7/C
Dm7
said;)
(Some-thing the boy said;)
food for a
Gm7(add4)
crow.
Repeat and Fade